Kent. This way my Lord.

Lear. With him I will keepe ſtill, with my Philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord ſooth him, let him take the fellow.

Gloſt. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra come on, go along with vs.

Lear. Come good Athenian.

Gloſt. No words, no words, huſh.

Edg. Childe *Rowland*, to the darke towne come,
His word was ſtill fye, fo, and fum,
I ſmell the bloud of a Britiſh man.

Enter Cornwall and Baſtard.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge ere I depart the houſe.

Baſt. How my Lord I may be cenſured, that nature thus giues way to loyalty, ſome-thing feares me to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers euil diſpoſition made him ſeeke his death, but a prouoking merit, ſet a worke by a reproueable badneſſe in himſelfe.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to bee iuſt? this is the Letter he ſpoke off, which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens, that his treaſon were, or not I the detecter.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutches.

Baſt. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue mighty buſineſſe in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of *Gloceſter*, ſeeke out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I finde him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully, I will perſeuere in my courſe of loyalty, thogh the conflict be ſore betweene that and my bloud.

Corn. I will lay truſt vpon thee, and thou ſhalt finde a dearer father in my loue. *Exit.*

Enter Gloceſter, Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom.

Gloſt. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be

be long from you.

Kent. All the power of
the Gods deſerue your k

Edg. *Fretereto* cals me,
of darkneſſe, pray innoc

Foole. Prethee Nunckl
Gentleman or a Yeoma

Lear. A King, a King
ſpits come hiſſing in vpo

Edg. The foule fiend b

Foole. Hee's mad tha
horſes health, a boyes lo

Lear. It ſhall be done,
Come ſit thou heere mo
Thou ſapient ſir, ſit heer

Edg. Looke where he
all madam, come ore the

Foole. Her boat hath a
Why ſhe dares not com

Edg. The foule fiend ha
ingale, Hoppedance crie
Croke not blacke Angel

Kent. How do you ſi
downe and reſt vpon the

Lear. Ile ſee their trial
bed man of iuſtice take
quity, bench by his ſide,

Ed. Let vs deale iuſtly,
Thy ſheepe bee in the c
mouth, thy ſheepe ſhall

Lear. Arraigne her firſ
this honourable aſſembl

Foole. Come hither M

Lear. She cannot deny

Foole. Cry you mercy,

Lear. And heres anoth
What ſtore her heart is

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